

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL SERIES.

MILTON'S POEMS.

L'Allegro,
Il Penseroso,
Comus,
Sycidas,

WITH

INTRODUCTION

AND NOTES,

BY

A. CAMERON,

PRINCIPAL COUNTY ACADEMY, YARMOUTH, N. S.

HALIFAX, N. S.

T. C. ALLEN & CO.

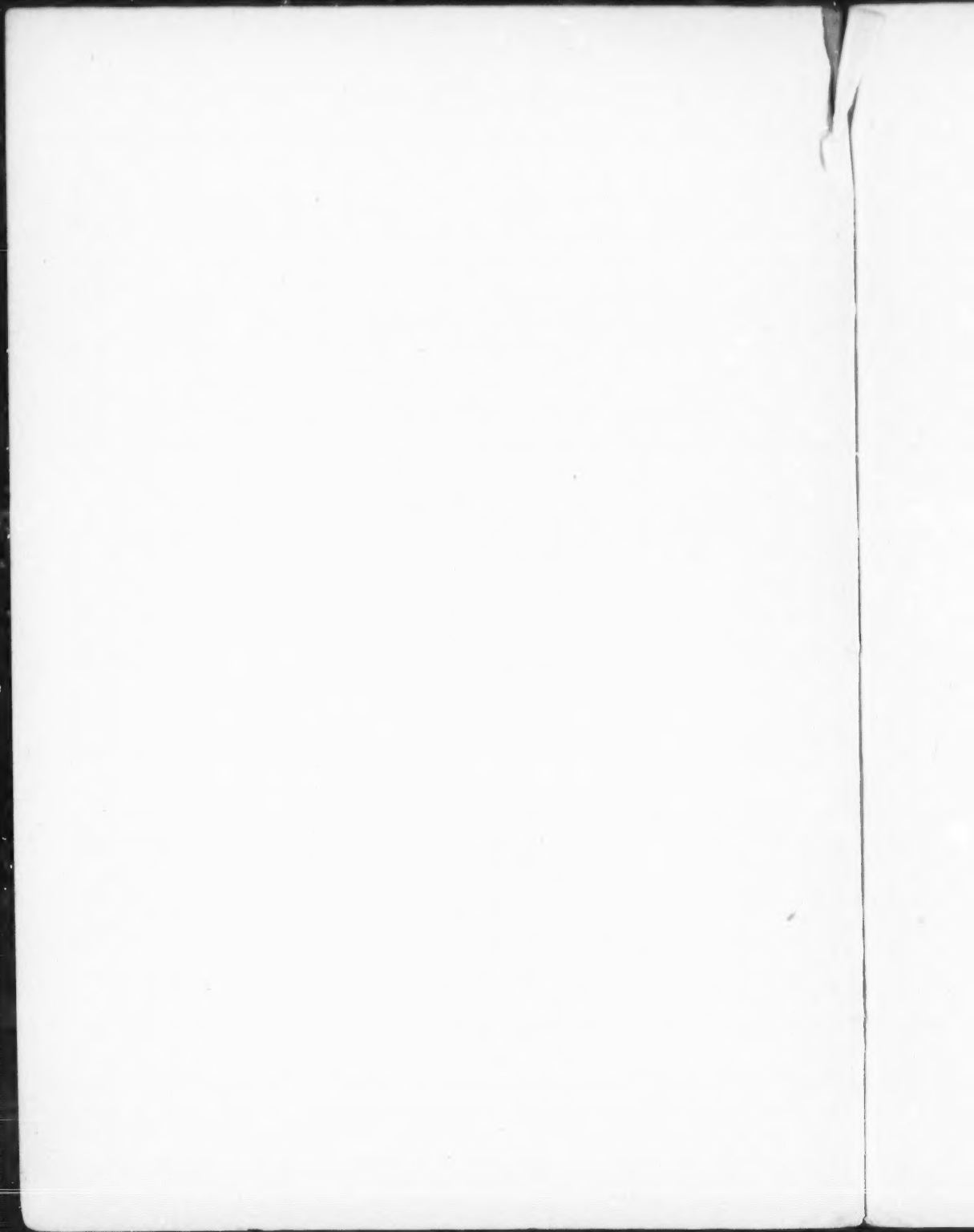
NS
821
.47
M
SC

NOVA SCOTIA
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY



PROVINCE HOUSE

U. M. Danforth.



MILTON'S POEMS

*L'ALLEGRO, IL PENNEROSO
COMUS, and LYCIDAS*

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

A. CAMERON

PRINCIPAL COUNTY ACADEMY, YARMOUTH, N. S.



HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA
T. C. ALLEN AND COMPANY

NS

821

.47

M

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
1898, by T. C. ALLEN & Co., in the Department of Agriculture
(Copyright Branch).

INTRODUCTION

FOR information on Milton's life and character, for the history of his time, and for critical estimates of his poetry, the student will turn to whatever books on these subjects may be within his reach. The following are recommended to his notice : —

Stopford Brooke's Literature Primer (especially Sections 96-100).

Taine's English Literature (Book II. Chap. VI.).

Green's History of the English People (Book VII. and the first chapter of VIII.).

Masson's article on Milton in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Mark Pattison's Milton, in the English Men of Letters Series.

Johnson's Life of Milton.

Macaulay's Essay on Milton.

But it is hoped that the poems themselves will be the chief object of the student's attention ; and that he will read them again and again — and mark them, and learn them, and do his best to inwardly digest them — before seeking to know what others have said about them.

In the text of this edition it will be noticed that the first two poems have a more archaic look than the other two. *Comus* and *Lycidas* are given here in their usual modern dress. Even thus the reader will soon discover that our language has altered a good deal since Milton's time. There are words and constructions which are not now used, derivative words are

formed in ways that are not our ways, familiar words have meanings that are now obsolete. But there are other differences than these, and it is to show some of the others that *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are printed as they are. Whatever may seem odd or inconsistent or even incorrect in the spelling or the use of capitals in these two poems is as it is because it was printed that way in the first edition of Milton's poems (1645).

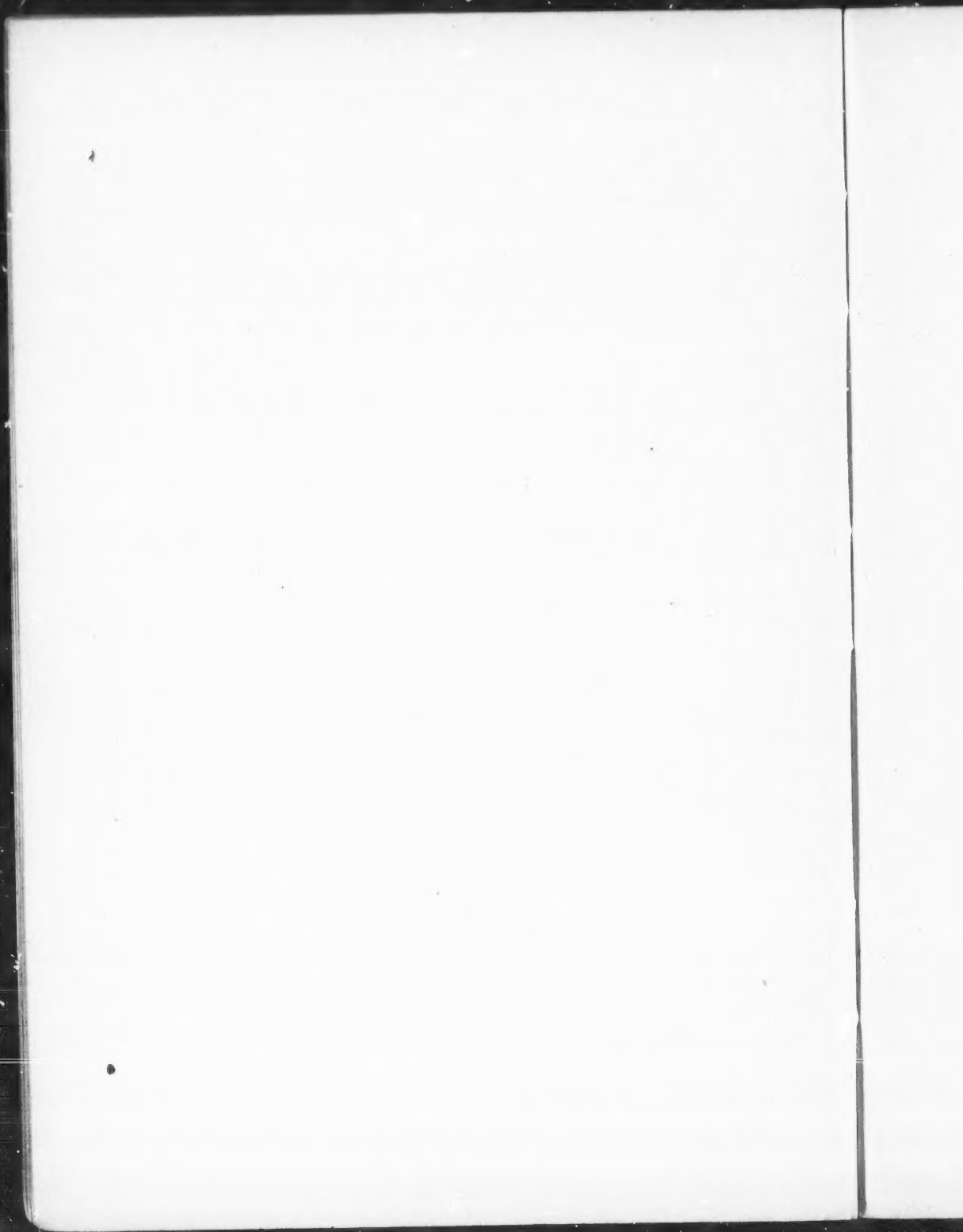
Study of the rhythm and rime will show that the spoken language has changed as well as the written; but the student must be careful not to bear too hard on this, especially in connection with the rimes.

.

When Milton wrote these poems he was between twenty-five and thirty years old. He was born in London five years after the death of Queen Elizabeth and eight years before the death of Shakespeare. He lived the life of a city boy until his seventeenth year, which was the year when James I. was succeeded by Charles I. Then he went to Cambridge, like so many other of our great poets (some of them were Londoners too), and spent seven years at the usual academic work of those days. His college was Christ's, and he was nicknamed "The Lady of Christ's." Masson says, "Though the allusion was chiefly to the peculiar grace of his personal appearance, it conveyed also a sneer at what the rougher men thought his unusual prudishness, the haughty fastidiousness of his tastes and morals." It is interesting to know this of the young man who was to produce *Comus* a few years after he left college.

He left it in 1632 and lived for the next six years at Horton, a village in Buckinghamshire. "In perfect leisure, and in a pleasant rural retirement, with Windsor at the distance of an easy walk, and London only about seventeen miles off, he went through, he tells us, a systematic course of reading in the Greek and Latin classics, varied by mathematics, music, and the kind of physical science we should now call cosmography."

This was the time and these were the circumstances of his life when he wrote *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. The exact date of the composition of the first two seems not to be known; it was probably 1633. Milton was then twenty-five, just the age Macaulay was at when his essay on Milton appeared in the "Edinburgh Review." In the following year, 1634, on Michaelmas night, September 29, *Comus* was performed at Ludlow Castle. Three years later, in 1637, came *Lycidas*; the wreck happened in August, and the poem was written in November.



MILTON'S POEMS



I

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

10

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blew,
And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blith, and debonair.

20

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,

- Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
30 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue,
To live with her, and live with thee,
40 In unproved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to com in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.
While the cock, with lively din,
50 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
60 Wher' the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
70 Whilst the lantskip round it measures ;

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with daisies pide,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers, and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of hearbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land hamlets will invite;
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail.
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht and pull'd, she sed,
And he by friars' lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar-fend, 110
And stretcht out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;

- And crop-ful out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering windes soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 120 In weeds of peace high triumphs held,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry ;
 Such sights as youthfull poets dream
 130 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 140 Of linked sweetnes long drawn out ;
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running ;
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 150 His half regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee I mean to live.

II

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue.
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above 20
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain);
Oft in glimmering bowres and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cipres lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With eev'n step, and musing gate,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 40 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
 And add to these retired Leasure,
 50 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 60 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musicall, most melancholy !
 Thee chauntress oft the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-song ;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 70 Through the heav'n's wide pathles way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
 Over som wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;

Or if the air will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in som high lonely towr,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unspear
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those dæmons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Somtime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebs, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine.
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

80

90

100

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;
 And if aught else, great bards beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung ;

110

- Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 120 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till Civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trickt and frount as she was wont,
 With the Attick boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comly cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the russling leaves,
 130 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There i: close covert by som brook,
 140 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye ;
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
 And let som strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his wings in airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 150 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breath
 Above, about or underneath,
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antick pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 160 Casting a dimm religious light.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To somthing like prophetic strain.

170

These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS

- YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due ;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 10 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the stri. 3.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 20 With lucky words favour my destined urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 30 Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to th' oaten flute ;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn.

40

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me, I fondly dream !

Had ye been there, . . . for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

60

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)

70

To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
 Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears :
 " Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistering foil

- 80 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with local reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,

- And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
90 That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed :
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

- 100 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah ! who hath reft," quoth he, " my dearest pledge ?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake

- 110 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts again).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake : —
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
120 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least

That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
 What reck's it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And, when they list, their leap and flashy songs
 Greet on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

130

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams ; return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.

140

150

160

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

- Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
170 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
180 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

- Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
190 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

COMUS

The first Scene discovers a wild wood

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright ærial spirits live insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
 Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity.

10

To such my errand is ; and, but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
 That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep ;
 Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
 And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide

20

30

- An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
40 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was despatched for their defence and guard :
And listen why ; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
- Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
50 On Circe's island fell : (who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine,)
This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named :
Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
60 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art ;
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phoebus ; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
70 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,

But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forg
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do. But first I must put off
 These my sky-robcs, spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

*COMUS enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass
 in the other ; with him a rout of monsters, headed like
 sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and
 women, their apparel glistering. They come in making
 a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed ;
 And Advice with scrupulous head,

- Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 110 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
 120 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rights begin;
 'T is only daylight that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veiled Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 130 Of midnight torches burns! mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spouts her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air!
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on th' Indian steep,
 140 From her cabined loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our concealed solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.
- [*The Measure.*]
- Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 ' Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
 Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 150 Benighted in these woods! Now to my charms,

And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplausible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

160

The LADY enters

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
 My best guide now. Methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
 When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet, O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then when the gray-hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,

- 190 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil to give due light
- 200 To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
- 210 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
- 220 To keep my life and honour unassailed. . . .
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err: there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallow to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

Song

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well :
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where, 240
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere !
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies !

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense, 260
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself ;
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. — Hail, foreign wonder !
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed ;
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 270 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addressed to unattending ears.
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my severed company,
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

280 *Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

290 *Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.

I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human, as they stood;

I took it for a faery vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,

300 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
 And, as I passed, I worshipped. If those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,

310 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatched pallet rouse. If otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest.

320

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended. In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on.

330

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the TWO BROTHERS

Elder Brother. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair
 moon,
 That woult'st to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades;
 Or, if your influence be quite dammed up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

340

Second Brother. Or, if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock

- Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
 'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
- 350 But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
- Elder Brother.* Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite
- 360 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion !
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
- 370 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That, in the various bustle of resort,
- 380 Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Second Brother. 'T is most true
 That musing meditation most affects
 'The pensive secrecy of desert cell,

Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night or loneliness it recks me not ;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

390

400

Elder Brother. I do not, brother,
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt or controversy ;
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

410

Second Brother. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

Elder Brother. I mean that too, but yet a hidden
 strength,

Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,

420

- Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
 430 She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at cusew time,
 No goblin or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 440 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
 450 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dashed brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 460 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal. But, when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose

The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
 Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Second Brother. How charming is divine Philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Elder Brother. List ! list ! I hear 480
 Some far-off hallow break the silent air.

Second Brother. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

Elder Brother. For certain,
 Either some one, like us, night-foundered here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Second Brother. Heaven keep my sister ! Again, again,
 and near !
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Elder Brother. I 'll hallow.
 If he be friendly, he comes well : if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us !

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That hallow I should know. What are you ? speak. 490
 Come not too near ; you fall on iron stakes else.

Spirit. What voice is that ? my young Lord ? speak
 agair.

Second Brother. O brother, 't is my father's shepherd,
 sure.

Elder Brother. Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft
 delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.
 How camest thou here, good swain ? Hath any ram
 Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook ?
 How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook ? 500

Spirit. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

Elder Brother. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without
 blame

510 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Elder Brother. What fears, good Thyriss? Prithee briefly
 shew.

Spirit. I'll tell ye. 'T is not vain or fabulous
 (Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
 Storied of old in high immortal verse
 Of dire Chimeras and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

520 Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 530 Charactered in the face. This have I learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts
 That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 540 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And filled the air with barbarous dissonance ; 55c
 At which I ceased, and listened them awhile,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 56c
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death. But O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear ;
 And "O poor hapless nightingale," thought I,
 "How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !"
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place 57c
 Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew), had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey ;
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
 Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here ;
 But further know I not.

Second Brother. O night and shades,
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot

Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

Elder Brother. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
590 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!
600 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But, for that damned magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.

Spirit. Alas! good vent'rous youth,
610 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Elder Brother. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?

Spirit. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain sheppard-lad,

Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled 620
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing ;
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he culled me out. 630
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil :
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ;
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
 He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it as of sovran use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp, 640
 Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compelled.
 But now I find it true ; for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
 Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off. If you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood 650
 And brandished blade rush on him : break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
 But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
Elder Brother. Thyrsis, lead on apace ; I'll follow thee ;
 And some good angel bear a shield before us !

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of
 deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties.*

COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair: to whom he offers his glass; which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, lady. sit. If I but wave this wand,
 660 Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fcol, do not boast.
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees good.

Comus. Why are you vexed, lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 670 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.
 Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 680 And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
 With that which you received on other terms;
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'T will not, false traitor!
 690 'T will not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me !
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver !
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute ?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
But such as are good men can give good things ;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.

To a well-governed and wise appetite.
Comus. O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence !
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste ?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,
 To deck her sons ; and, that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hatched th' all-worshipped ore and precious gems,
 To store her children with. If all the world 720
 Should, in a pet of temp'rance, feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised ;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility :
 The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with
 plumes, 730
 The herds would over-multitude their lords ;
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last

- To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows
List, lady ; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin ; must not be hoarded,
740 But must be current ; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence ; coarse complexions
750 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?
There was another meaning in these gifts ;
Think what, and be advised ; you are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
760 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor ! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
770 Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportions,
And she no whit encumbered with her store ;
And then the Giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid : for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,

But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enow? To him that dares 780
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity
 Fain would I something say; — yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
 The sublime notion and high mystery
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity;
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathise,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by some superior power;
 And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. — Come, no more!
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation.
 I must not suffer this; yet 't is but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood. 810
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out*
of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout
make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

Spirit. What ! have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook ; ye should have snatched his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

- 820 Yet stay : be not disturbed ; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream :
Sabrina is her name : a virgin pure ;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit

- 830 Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall ;
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers strewed with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense

- 840 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals :
For which the shepherds, at their festivals,
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,

- 850 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song ;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift

To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save !

860

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus.
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And 'Tethys' grave majestic pace ,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance ;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save !

870

880

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,

890

Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.

900

Gentle swain, at thy request

I am here !

Spirit. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

910

Sabrina. Shepherd, 't is my office best
To help ensnared chastity.

Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure ;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip :
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

920

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Loctrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills :
Summer drouth or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;

930

May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl and the golden ore ;
 May thy lofty head be crowned
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady ; while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,

Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound
 Till we come to holier ground.

940

I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide ;
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate

His wished presence, and beside
 All the swains that there abide
 With jigs and rural dance resort.

950

We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.
 Come, let us haste ; the stars grow high,
 But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and the President's
 Castle ; then come in Country Dancers ; after them the
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS and the LADY.*

Song

Spirit. Back, shepherds, back ! Enough your play
 Till next sunshine holiday.

Here be, without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns and on the leas.

960

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight.
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own.
 970 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epilogues

980 *Spirit.* To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.
 There I suck the liquid air,
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree.
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
 The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
 Thither all their bounties bring.
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west winds with musky wing
 990 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 1000 Waxing well of his deep wound,
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
 But far above, in spangled sheen,
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced

Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

1010

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than ... sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

1020

NOTES

It is assumed that the student has access to dictionaries and other common works of reference, and that he knows how to use them. The Notes are not intended to supply information which may be found in such works, nor to deprive the student of the pleasure and profit of thinking and working for himself. What they are intended for may be gathered from a perusal of them. It is hoped they will prove suggestive and stimulating. They are not by any means exhaustive: at best they are only samples of the sort of hints and queries which the editor has found useful in conducting literature classes. There is "ample room and verge enough" for teachers and students who use the book to increase them in number, to enlarge them in quantity, and to improve them in quality.

The usual contractions are used with the usual meanings, — such as *v.* for *see*, and *cf.* for *compare*. Numerals standing alone refer to the lines of the poem in question. A preceding A. is used for L'Allegro, P. for Il Penseroso, L. for Lycidas, C. for Comus. Sometimes one of Shakespeare's plays is cited by initials only, but this should not trouble the student. A. V. and R. V. are used occasionally for the Authorised and Revised Versions of the English Bible. A series of two or more numerals refers to chapter and verse, or to act, scene, and line, or to canto and line, or canto, stanza, and line, or one or other of the usual divisions and sub-divisions of a work. When Shakespeare is cited by line, the lines are those of the Globe Edition, according to established usage.

L'ALLEGRO

- 1 Note both sense and sound of words rhyming with *melancholy* in A. and P.
- 5 *Cf. uncouth* here and in L. and in Gray's *Elegy* with the word as now used.
- 6 Why *brooding* and *jealous* and *his*?
- 7 *Night-raven*. Find a contrast in P.
- 8 *Ebon*. How is the same meaning expressed in C. and L.?
- 12 It is strange that Milton should spell *yelep'd* this way. Why?
- 14 "They sat at dinner in a hall, and the queen in another." CAXTON.

"Myself and a sister both born in an hour."
Sebastian, in Twelfth Night, 2. 1.

"But ave to me he sings & sang,
'Will ye no come back again?'"
- 24 What different meanings do these words have? Which fit best here? Show by a drawing what you take the line to mean.
- 27 A fine collection of *quips* and *cranks* may be picked up in Shakespeare.

30 When looking up *dimple* here or in C. 119, look up also *dip* C. 803, *dingle* C. 312, and *dapple* A. 44.

32 Make a drawing for this line.

36 Why a *mountain* nymph? Cf. the mountain associations in C. 426.

38 Cf. this *crew* with those (2) in C., and in *Paradise Lost*, 1. 51, 12. 38.

40 *Unreproved*. Collect words of similar form or meaning from L. and C., and study all the passages together.

44 V. note on 30, and *Much Ado*, 5. 3. 27, *As You Like It*, 2. 1. 22. Cf. with other dawns in Milton and other poets.

45 Is *to come* to be construed with *to live* and *to hear*, or with *begin* and *startle*? Each has its difficulties.

In spite of—the modern form with the old meaning. V. a speech by Beatrice in *Much Ado*, 5. 2.

47-8 Annotate these lines from your own knowledge of the plants.

52 V. note on 32. To what is the effect of the line due?

54 *Cheerly* is the form in Shakespeare. Byron and Tennyson use it. There is no *cheerily* in Johnson's Dict. 1755.

55 Why *hoar*?

57 *Not unseen*. Why is such an odd phrase used? Try P., and then try an inference.

60 Cf. *state* in P. 37 and C. 35.

61-2 Is this the work of a reader or an observer?

62 *Dight*—v. P. 159. Chaucer says of Emily,

"Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
She was arisen, and al redy dight."

An earlier meaning of the word is found in the legend on Marmion's shield.

67 *Tells his tale*. If the line stood alone, this might mean "spins his yarn." Coupled with 68, it might be "declares his love;" but taken with 57-68, we see that the time of day is very unusual for this performance. Milton's real meaning is probably that of *tell* in *Genesis* 15. 5 and *Psalms* 22. 17, and of *tale* in *Exodus* 5. 8. Cf. *teller* and *tally*. Look up other *tales* in these poems, and determine the meaning by the context.

69 *Straight*. V. C. 811 and 835; and cf. Nerissa's "Draw the curtain straight" (*M. V.* 2. 9. 1), and the grave-digger's "Make her grave straight" (*Ham.* 5. 1. 4).

71 *Lawns*. Are these and the *lawns* in *Comus* and *Lycidas* our lawns? The contexts will settle it. Tennyson uses the word both in its old and its usual modern sense.

75 *Pied*. Look up also *piebald* and *magpie*. Cf. *Shylock*, in *M. V.* 1. 3. 80, with *Genesis* 30. 31 ff.

78 *Bosom'd*. Cf. C. 368 and *Paradise Lost*, 5. 127. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Byron use the word in the same sense.

79 *Lies*. Is this the same as in L. 53? Cf. *Merry Wives*, 2. 2. 63.

80 *Cynosure*. V. C. 342, and the dictionary.

85 It is as easy to misunderstand *messes* here, as *in spite of* in 45, and *tells his tale* in 67.

91 *Secure*. Cf. with C. 327 and 408. Shakespeare uses the word some thirty times. In about a third of the cases, it has much the same meaning as here. That it did not always mean what it now means should be clear to any student who takes note that Shakespeare could say, "Secure and safe," Ben Jonson, "Man may securely sin, but safely never," and Quarles, "The way to be safe is not to be secure." Look up the derivation.

101-14 How many different stories? Where does each begin and end?
 102 *Mab.* V. Mercutio's speech in R. and J. 1. 4. In M. N. D. the fairy queen is known as Titania. The scenes in which she appears should be read by students interested in fairy-lore.

Eat. What is used as the past of *eat* in the Bible and in Shakespeare?

108 Why *shadowy*?

111 How long was that? Does *chimney* mean the same as in S1?

116 *Cf.* the lullaby in P., and any others you have met with in poetry.

120 *Weeds.* It occurs four times in C.; and other names are used there for the same thing. It is common in Shakespeare. Scott uses it in the Lady of the Lake. We still say "widow's weeds."

Triumphs should be looked up too.

122 *Rain influence.* Job 38. 31. In Memoriam, 17. 15-16. Milton has the same *influence* in the Nativity Ode, 71: Shakespeare has it half a dozen times.

Judge the prize. Perhaps Milton meant that the *eyes* did this; perhaps the construction is like that of P. 155-7 and L. 88-9.

127 What does *and* join this line with? Have we our usual meaning of *pomp* here?

128 *Comus* is a *mask*.

133-4 And Tennyson calls Shakespeare "bland and mild" in The Palace of Art, 134. Yet both poets fully appreciated his transcendent power. Try to discover why they speak of him in these passages in such apparently inadequate terms. What Milton says here seems little more complimentary than what Emerson said of Michael Angelo,

"He builded better than he knew."

141 This line should be read with 133-4 and the note thereon.

145 *That.* This elliptical use is common in Shakespeare.

Orpheus and his story are mentioned also in P. and L.

Heave. In P. 136 there is something of our habitual association with *heavy*, but here and in C. 885 there seems to be none.

146 Why *golden*?

148-50 *Cf.* opinion expressed in P. on the comparative merits of ancient and modern tragedy.

151 There is no *if* at the close of P. What is to be inferred?

IL PENSEROSO

I Are these the *joys* of L'Allegro; and in 11, is it his *melancholy* that is hailed?

4 C. 503.

6 C. 67, L. 56. Puck sings, in M. N. D. 3. 2,

"Shall we their *fond* pageant see?
 Lord, what *fools* these mortals be!"

13-6 Where may Milton have got the hint for this?

19 Which circumpolar constellation does the story fit?

24 Why *solitary*?

30 C. 803-5.

32 *Cf.* mirth in A. *Sober*? V. C. 263, 766.

33 *Grain.* What colour? Try C. 750, and Paradise Lost, 5. 285, 11.

242. Note evolution from the common meaning to this, and from this to "the black and *grained* spots" in Queen Gertrude's soul (Ham. 3. 4. 90), and the "rogue in *grain*" of the Princess (Prol. 116).

35 The *lawn* of A. 71, etc., is used twice by Shakespeare, but it is in the older form *laund*. This *lawn* he uses five times. In W. T. 4. 4, the pedlar starts singing the praises of his wares with

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow."

36 *Decent*. One commentator says it is either *graceful* or *becoming*; a second, either (1) *comely*, *beautiful*, or (2) *decent* because *covered*; a third declares for *comely*. Look up the derivation, and cf. Goldsmith's

"The *decent* church that topt the neighbouring hill."

41 Perhaps the construction in this line is like that in L. 6 and in C. 470; perhaps it is not.

51 Who is the "first and chiefest" of Mirth's companions in A.?

53 Ezekiel 10 may help here.

55 V. note on 41.

57 Most poets, ancient and modern, make the female nightingale do the singing. Byron and Tennyson knew better.

Plight here is probably the same word as in C. 301, quite different from our ordinary *flight* as in C. 372. The *plight* of the nightingale is something like the music described in A. 139-40.

Sweetest-saddest. V. Shelley's Sky-Lark, stanza 18.

58 Cf. C. 251-2.

59-60 Cf. 106-8, and C. 256-9.

59 Shakespeare provides Night with a team of dragons in M. N. D. 3. 2. and Cym. 2. 2; and in T. and C. 5. 8, he makes Achilles speak of "the dragon wing of night."

62 Cf. 57.

64 L'Allegro seems to prefer matins.

66-72 Cf. Shelley's Cloud, stanza 4. Does the moon behave in this way?

76 V. note on A. 52. Pick out some other similar lines.

77 V. Richard III. 5. 3. 46, Hamlet, II. 4. 1-2.

78 This *still* and that in L. 187 should be compared with those in 41, and in C. 560.

80 Cf. Paradise Lost, I. 63.

84 Cf. "nightly ill" in Arcades, 48. Wordsworth has

"The nightly hunter lifting up his eyes."

87 How late must one sit up to do this? Other northern constellations are mentioned in 19 and C. 341-2.

88 The Hermes Trismegistus of the dictionaries.

Unsphere. Cf. *insphere* C. 3.

93-6 The older meanings of *demon*, *consent*, *element* should be looked up.

98 How *scepter'd*? And why?

101-2 Cf. A. 148-50 and note. Is this a supplement to the inadequate appreciation of Shakespeare in A. 133-4?

103-20 Rather a strange address to a "*sad* virgin." Perhaps *sad* had better be examined. Cf. 43 and C. 509, 1002. See also 117 and its context.

110-5 How many of the Canterbury Tales are alluded to? Which ones?

113 *Virtuous*. Cf. C. 165, 621. Look at Mark 5. 30, in both A. V. and R. V.

117 Spenser's Fairy Queen is not a "solemn tune" in our sense of *solemn*. Cf. C. 142, 746; L. 179.

120 Cite illustrations of this from these poems.
On *than*, Prof. Skeat says, "Frequently written *then* in old books; extremely common in Shakespeare (First Folio)."

122-30 Cf. the morning in A.

122 *Civil-suited*. Cf. *sober-suited* in *Romeo and Juliet*, 3. 2. 11, and in Tennyson's "sober-suited freedom."

127 Sort out the *still's* here and in 41. 78, L. 187, C. 560.

134 *Brown*. Milton's colour words should be examined carefully.

135 *Monumental*.

"He hath given her his monumental ring." *All's Well*, 4. 3. 20.

And v. Tennyson's *Talking Oak*, especially 37-68.

140 *P. sterner*. Cf. *weaker* in 15, and *divinest* in 12. Milton has many Latinisms, and the Latin authors use comparatives and superlatives in ways not recognised by the compilers of our grammar books.

144-6 And A. 41. Byron's *Don Juan*, 1. 123,

"'T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lul'd by falling waters."

146 (a)

"All the charm of all the Muses
Often flowering in a lonely word."

(b)

"Jewels five-words-long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever."

There are samples of both (a) and (b) in these poems. Line 146 furnishes one of one kind.

147-50 This is admitted to be a difficult passage. There are several different interpretations. The student may as well try his own wits at it. It may, or it may not, help him to refer to 9-10.

153 *Mortals good*. Perhaps the same construction as in 156.

155 *Why due?*

156-7 *To walk. . . . And love*. A peculiar Miltonic construction which the student should try to puzzle out.

159 *Storied*. Perhaps as in C. 516, and in Gray's "storied urn;" but *clerestory* had better be looked up.

Dight. V. note on A. 62.

170 *Spell*. In Milton's Sonnet to Sir Henry Vane, line 6—

"The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd."

In *Much Ado*, 3. 1. 59-61, Hero says—

"I . . . yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward."

LYCIDAS

1-5 What are *laurel*, *myrtle*, *ivy*, emblems of?

Mellowing year is probably Milton's own poetic maturity. In *Paradise Lost*, 10. 1066, *shatter* is again used where we would say *scatter*. Both words should be looked up. V. *scatter* in A. 50, and *shatter* in C. 799.

9 Does Tennyson say anything as extravagant as this about Hallam?

15-6 The *Muses* had various retreats. Line 16 seems to show which one Milton means.

19 *Muse*—the *he* in 21, and the context generally show the meaning of this *muse*.

19-22 Cf. the last ten stanzas of Gray's *Elegy*.

20 Such words as *R. I. P.* stand for — *v.* 22.

22 *Cf. shroud* in *C.* 147, 316; *Paradise Lost*, 10. 1068.

23-36 "The hill is, of course, Cambridge; the joint feeding of the flocks is companionship in study; the rural ditties on the oaten flute are academic iambs and elegiacs; and old Damocritus is either Chappell or some more kindly fellow of Christ's." (Masson.)

25 *V.* note on A. 71.

30 Some annotators say *Venus*. Perhaps Milton meant it so, but the habits described are not those of *Venus*.

31 *Cf. Locksley Hall*, 8.

40 Why *gadding*?

48 *Cf. Tennyson's Two Voices*, 59-60. Which month or months here? Which in England? What other name has it there?

50-5 The student will not find these places mentioned in his Classical Dictionary among the haunts of the Muses. The voyage from Chester to Ireland would take one down the *Deva*, past several *steeps* on the Welsh coast, and round the island which the Romans called *Mona*.

56 *Fondly* — *v.* P. 6.

58 Which of the Muses? On Orpheus, *v.* A. and P.

61. *Cf. rout* and *rabble* in *C.*

65 *Cf. homely* in *C.* 748. *Shepherd's trade*, the next line shows what this means. *V.* also 39-49, and note on 23-36. In *As You Like It*, 3. 5. 82, Shakespeare calls Marlowe "Dead Shepherd."

66 *Meditate.* *Cf. C.* 547. It means more than it usually does now-days.

67 *Use.* *Cf.* 136.

68-9 "Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang *Annie Laurie*."

71 What is the "last infirmity"?

77 Why "trembling"?

78-84 *Cf. In Memoriam* — Invocation, 35-6,

"Merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee."

And same poem, 73. 11-12,

"What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God."

87 Another "strain of a higher mood" occurs by-and-by.

88 Mark off the lines where the "oat" made way for the "higher strain."

89 *Cf. P.* 157, and perhaps A. 122.

100-2 Superstition has not yet died out among those that go down to the sea in ships.

103 *Camus* — *v.* note on 23-36. *Went.* In 90, Triton *came*; in 108, Peter *came*, and *did go*. We use *went* as the past of *go*, but it is really the past of *wend*, and this is the causal form of *wind*. Tennyson was a Cambridge man as Milton was, and perhaps he had the Cam in mind when he wrote

"A full-fed river winding slow."

Spenser has *slow-footing*. We say *slow-footed*.

108-29 *V. Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies*, 20-4.

121 The *herdman's art* of "the dread voice" (132) is not the same as the *shepherd's trade* (65) of the "oat" (88).

130-1. The general meaning is obvious. As to the special kind of *engine* that was to be used, there are half-a-dozen different guesses. It

seems most probable that Milton purposely left the passage obscure on this point.

132-3 Cf. 85-8.

136 Use — v. 67; but the meaning here is farther from that of to-day than it is in 67.

138 *Swart*. In C. 436 *swart* is explained by the context. There are dark stars, but nothing was known of them until long after Milton's time. So we must suppose that "swart star" is used like "oblivious pool" in *Paradise Lost*, l. 266. Then, of course, it is the Dog-star, for whose connection with the heat of the dog-days the dictionaries supply more or less accurate information.

If for *sparely* we read *rarely* we shall get very near the meaning that fits the context. For Milton's use of *sparc*, v. P. 46 and C. 767.

139-41 *Hither* — *turf* — *ground*. How many different places?

Eyes — v. 141, and cf. the word *daisy*.

Enamelled — v. Arcades, 84, and *Paradise Lost*, 4. 149.

Are *vernal* flowers all purple? Are all the flowers in 142-50 *vernal* and *purple*?

142 *Rathe*. Look up the history of *rather*.

"The men of rathe and ripe" years."

In Memoriam, 110. 2.

"Till rathe she rose."

Elaine, 338.

142-50 Find some flower passages in Shakespeare and Tennyson, and cf. them with this. Note that King was drowned in August, and the poem was written in November.

153 What is the *false surmise*?

158 Pick out the most suitable meaning of *monstrous*.

160 *Fable* = fabled abode. *Bellerus* = an old Cornish giant.

161 *Vision* = the Archangel from whom St. Michael's Mount was named.

166 Cf. "Is Angelina your love?"

169-71. Cf. similar passages in these poems.

170 *Tricks* — v. P. 123.

173 *Dear* — v. 6. Why the particular allusion in this line?

175 Is *nectar* usually a hair-wash?

184 V. note on 166.

186-93. Whose voice have we here?

186 *Uncouth* — v. note on A. 5.

188 Cf. Tennyson on Goethe's

"One clear harp in divers tones."

189 *Doric lay* — v. 186.

193 Is often misquoted.

COMUS

7 *Pestered*. Certainly one step, perhaps two, back of its usual meaning now.

9 *Virtue*. Is it virtue generally, or some special virtue? Which virtues are chiefly commended in the poem?

16 V. notes on L. 175 and A. 120.

18 *Task*. What was it? Where else does he call it a *task*?

20 Who were they? What were their realms?

27-8 Cf. Gaunt's speech in Richard II., and Tennyson's

"the mightiest Ocean-power on earth,
Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea."

- 32 *Tempered*—v. L. 33.
 34 *Nursed*—v. L. 23.
 35 *Stale*—v. A. 60.
 44-5 Of what else in these poems is this true?
 48 Cf. the construction in *Paradise Lost*, 1. 573.
 56 Students should note the uses of *part* and *depart* by our older writers.
 59 *Evilic*—v. A. 18, and Tennyson's *Ulysses*, 47.
 63 How does Comus show himself superior to Circe?
 65 Why *orient*? For Comus's own account of his liquor, v. 672-8, and 811-3.
 68-72 Cf. 51-3. Why should Milton transform only the *heads* of the victims of Comus? Which of Shakespeare's characters may he have had in mind?
 88 91 Note the peculiar construction.
 92 Shakespeare uses *viewless* once, in *Measure for Measure*, 3. 1. 124. Milton has it at least three times. In Scott's *Last Minstrel*, 1. 12. 4, it also occurs. Shakespeare uses *sightless* in the same sense twice in the first act of *Macbeth*.
 93 For its pastoral function when morning star, v. *Measure for Measure*, 4. 2. 218.
 98 V. L. 31 and note.
 110 Cf. Jaques' "Wise Saws." For a specimen of a "saw," v. As You Like It, 3. 5. 83.
 116 Why "to the moon"?
 126 What may Comus mean by this?
 139 Some of the usual dictionary meanings for *nice* will do here, especially if well spiced with contempt.
 For connection between *morn* and *India*, v. In Memoriam, 26. 14.
 142 *Solemnity*, with its modern meaning, is a strange name for Comus's orgies. The history of the word needs looking into.
 147 *Shrouds*—v. note on L. 22. Add Ezekiel 31. 3, to the references given there.
 165 V. P. 113 and note.
 167 *Keeps up*. How late is it? What notes of time are there so far?
 168 *Fairly*. There is an old saw about *fair and softly*.
 177 How would the lady (or Milton) have had the gods thanked?
 180 *Inform*. Try Deuteronomy 17. 10, Coriolanus, 5. 3. 71, Antony and Cleopatra, 3. 2. 48.
 204 *Single*. Cf. 369. In Matt. 6. 22, Wyclif has *simple* where the A. V. has *single*.
 207-9 V. in Macaulay's Milton, his comparison of the *exact details* of Dante with the *dim intimations* of Milton.
 213-5 Are there three or four addressed here? Note anything specially appropriate in the epithets.
 216 V. 205-8.
 227 What sort of a *noise* does she make? Note what Comus says of it. Collect the other *noises* in the poem and study the meanings with the help (1) of the context, and (2) of the dictionary.
 248 Why *his*?
 301 *Plighted*—v. note on P. 57, and cf.
 "Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides. *Lear*, 1. 1. 283.
 303 What sort of a path is it?
 312 *Dingle*—v. note on A. 30.

313 *Bosky* — *v.* 312. Scott uses it in *Lady of Lake*, 3. 14. 23.
Bourn. Not the *bourn* of the famous passage in *Hamlet*, but that of *Lear*, 3. 6. 27. The northern form is spelled and pronounced *burn*, as in Tannahill's song,

"The midges dance aboon the burn."

316 *Shroud* — *v.* 147, and *L.* 22.

317-8 *Cf.* with the lark passage in *A.*, and with the habits of the bird.

322 *Cf.* 161.

323-5 *Cf.* 2 *Henry IV.*, 3. 2. 9-16.

340 Pick out some other lines like this.

341-2 *V.* P. 87. Greek sailors steered by the greater, Phœnician by the lesser.

345 *V.* *L.* 33, 88, 188; and *cf.* first stanza of *In Memoriam*, 21.

349 In *Paradise Lost*, 9. 1089, it is "innumerable boughs." *Cf.* the "spawn innumerable" of 713, with the "innumerable living creatures" of *Paradise Lost*, 7. 455.

Tennyson uses *innumerable* in *Princess*, 5. 13.

359 *Exquisite*. We would say *inquisitive*.

360 *Cast*. Like an accountant, or an astrologer, or a founder, or a physician, or how?

362-3 Quote some homely sayings on the subject.

366. *To seek*. *V.* *Paradise Lost*, 8. 197, read from 190. In Bacon's essay on Usury we have "The merchant will be *to seek* for money."

368 *V.* note on *A.* 78.

369 *V.* note on 204.

375 *Cf.* *L.* 98.

376 Another old use of *seek* (*cf.* 366), *v.* Bible.

377 In *P.*, Contemplation is one of Ezekiel's cherubim.

380 *V.* Webster on *to* and *all to*. Better still, *v.* Skeat on *to*. *Cf.* Judges 9. 53, in *A. V.* with Luther's *zerbrach*.

382 *Centre* — *v.* Nativity Hymn, 162.

393-5 *V.* 981-3. Look up Hesperides, Hercules, and Ladon.

395 *Unenchanted*. *Cf.* *uncontrolled* in 793, and *unreproved* *A.* 40.

401 The Clarendon Press edition says, "*wink on* is used by Shakespeare as—give a signal to a confederate," or 'shut the eye,' 'refuse to see.' Either sense will fit here. The whole passage is enlarged from Rosalind's single line,

" 'Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.' "

408 *Infer*. *Cf.* this use of the word with ours.

426 *Cf.* the mountain associations here with those in *A.* 36.

432-7 *Cf.* speech by Marcellus in *Hamlet*, 1.1.

436 When did he return to his chains?

438-40 What witnesses has he already called?

444-5 *Cf.* "the imperial votaress" of Oberon's famous speech.

459-63 *V.* what Raphael says to Adam in *Paradise Lost*, 5. 493 ff. *Cf.* also *Princess*, 2. 71-4.

476 It is Plato's philosophy that the elder brother has been uttering. Here we have Milton's own opinion of it.

494-6 Look up other similar passages in these poems, and *cf.* the effect of the music made by Oberon's Mermaid.

502-4 Are ewes and wolves considered *toys* nowadays? *Cf.* *P.* 4.

509 *Sadly* — *v.* note on *P.* 103. *Cf.* *Romeo and Juliet*, 1. 1. 207-10.

513 *Cf.* Milton's use of *ye* and *you* with that of the Bible and of to-day.

526 *Cf.* 817, and *Arcades*, 60.

535 *Rites*. In 125, where the meaning seems the same as here, Milton says *rights*.

546 *Cf.* P. 175, and that poem as a whole.

547. *Cf.* L. 66.

549-50 Is the *noise* of 170: 555-62 is the *noise* of 227. *Cf.* what the Spirit says of it with what Comus says farther back.

560 *Cf.* Ariel's "*still vex'd Bermoothes*," *Tempest*, 1. 2. 229.

580 *V.* 335 and 278; also 36-9, 266, 349.

585 *Period*. He adds some more below.

598-9 *Cf.* with similar passages in the Bible.

607 *Purchase*. *Cf.* 1 Henry IV., 2. 1. 101, and its context.

An earlier reading of the line was,

"And force him to release his new got prey."

620 Render "Of . . . to" into modern colloquial English.

621 *Virtuous* — *v.* 626, and P. 113.

634-5 *Cf.* Wordsworth's Peter Bell.

636 *Cf.* the use the Spirit makes of haemony with the use Ulysses made of moly. Look up *Ulysses* and *Circe*.

661, 663 Note here and elsewhere the use of *thou* and *you* by different speakers.

669-71 *Cf.* some lines in Locksley Hall.

700 Shakespeare makes Timon speak of "liquorish draughts" in 4. 3. 194. Look up *lickerish*.

702-5 Tit-bits from Euripides and Plato.

707 Johnson (1755) gives *budge*=surly, stiff, formal. The Oxford Dictionary (1888) says, "Etymology unknown," but smaller works profess to know it.

708 For *tub*, look up *Diogenes*.

709 *Abstinence*; 721 *Temperance*. *Cf.* meanings of these words in 1634, as shown by the immediate context and by the poem as a whole, with their meanings now. What does *temperance* mean in the Bible and in Shakespeare?

718 *Vacant* — *v.* Locksley Hall, 175.

719 *Hutched*. *Cf.* rabbit-hutch, and a ship's hatches.

721 *V.* note on 709.

720-36 *Cf.* this argument with the Lady's reply to it.

739-55 Masson says, "The idea that runs through these seventeen lines is a favourite one with the old poets. . . . Shakespeare's first six sonnets . . . are pervaded by the idea in all its subtleties."

743-4 "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose," and Comus can adapt Shakespeare for his. *F. M. N. D.*, 1. 1. 76-8. *Cf.* also Herrick's "Gather ye rose-buds," &c., and Wisdom of Solomon, 2. 8. On the danger of preaching such doctrine to the young, *v.* In Memoriam, 53.

746 *V.* note on 142.

749 Comus can etymologise as well as the Lady, *v.* 325.

750 *Grain* — *v.* P. 33.

753 *V.* descriptions of *morn* in these poems. What sort of *tresses* are meant?

759 *V.* what is said of Belial in Paradise Lost, 2.

760 *Cf.* "*bolted language*" in Coriolanus, 3. 1. 322.

761 *Cf.* this with the next thirty-seven lines.

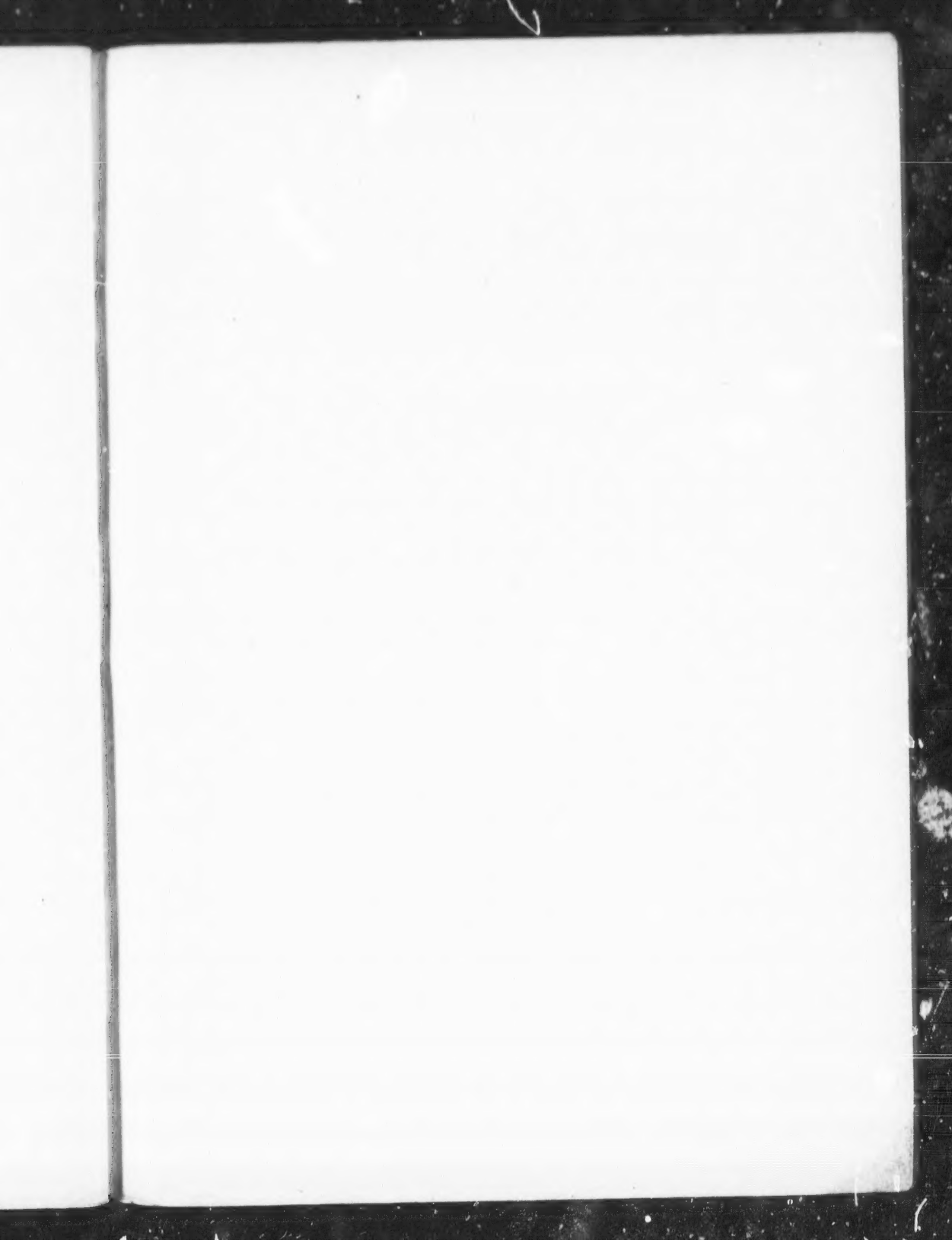
767 *V.* note on 709. For *spare*, *v.* P. 46 and L. 138.

768 ff. *Cf.* Lear, 4. 1. 70-74.

780 ff. *Cf.* with what the Elder Brother has said on the same subject.

788 *Cf.* *worthy* in Luke 12. 48.

- 780, 790, 793 *V.* note on 661.
 790-1 Pick out samples of these from the speeches of Cornus.
 793 *Uncontrolled.* *Cf.* 395, and A. 40.
 797 *Brute earth.* Used in In Memoriam, 127. 15. From "Bruta Tellus" in Horace, Odes, 1. 34. 9.
 803 Note this use of *dip.*
 803-5 *Cf.* P. 30.
 808 Some find humour here, some only audacious impudence.
 811 *Straight—v.* A. 69.
 815 *V.* 653.
 816 With construction in second half, *cf.* 48.
 823 Probably a compliment to the poet from whom Milton takes the following legend. It may be Spenser or one of several others. *Cf.* Shakespeare on Marlowe in A. Y. L., 3. 5. 82.
 825 *Cf.* with similar lines.
 838 *Cf.* L. 175.
 839 *Cf.* Hamlet, 1. 5. 63.
 845 *Cf.* "urchin-shows" in Tempest, 2. 2. 5.
 846 *Cf.* Midsummer Night's Dream, 2. 1. 33.
 872 Not the mountains of that name. Look up *Proteus*.
 877 *V.* note on P. 146.
 880-2 *Cf.* Heine's Lorelei, stanzas 3 and 4.
 885 *V.* A. 145.
 887 *V.* 825.
 897-9 *Cf.* Venus and Adonis, 1028; Lady of the Lake, 1. 8. 12-15; Talking Oak, 131-2; Maud, 12, 6.
 915 *V.* 752.
 934-7 Peculiar construction. *Cf.* A. 121-3, P. 155-7, L. 88-9.
 956-7 What notes of time before this? What time now? What is the force of *but* here?
 960-5 Note contrast between "duck or nod" and "mincing." *Cf.* the "nods" of A. 28.
 974-5 The moral of the poem, *v.* also 420-75.
 993 This use of *blow* is very rare.
 997 He is going to tell "of things that no gross ear can hear" (458).
 1004 Not the "frivolous Cupid" of 445.
 1011 Milton changed the names of the twins eight years later, when giving his views in prose on "Love which is truly so" (represented here by *Celestial Cupid*). He says, "The first and chiefest office of Love begins and ends in the Soul (Psyche in 1005), producing those happy twins of her divine generation, Knowledge and Virtue."
 1012 *Cf.* now in 820.
 1014 *Cf.* Paradise Lost, 8, 631.
 1015 Does it seem so to you?
 1017 *Cf.* Macbeth, 3. 5. 23.
 1021 *V.* 112-4, and Merchant of Venice, 5. 1. 58-65.







Progressive School Series.

Common School Arithmetic, Kennedy & O'Hearn,	
Part I	\$ 15
Part II.....	15
Part III.....	15
All three parts bound in one volume	40
Academic Arithmetic, being Part IV of the Progressive School Series of Arithmetics, by Kennedy and O'Hearn.....	40
Health Reader, Part I.	20
" " " II.....	30
Sir Roger DeCoverley Papers, with Introduction and Notes	15
Milton's L'Allegro, Il. Penseroso Comus, and Lycidas, with Introduction and Notes, by A. Cameron	15
Macaulay's Essay on Milton, with Introduction and Notes, by David Soloan, B. A.....	15
Evangeline, with Introduction and Notes.....	15
Evangeline, with Introduction and Notes, & Tennyson's Brook & Ode to the Duke of Wellington.	25
Conversation Method in German, by Hans Lothar Böber, M. A., Prof. Mod. Lang., Kings College and A. McKay, Supervisor of Schools, Halifax, N. S....	1 00
Bailey's Physical Drill, for Public Schools.....	30
Allen's Rule Scale for Mathematical Drawing,	5
Book-keeping Blank, Elementary.....	12
" " Advanced	25
" " Combined.....	25
School Day Melodies, a text book in Tonic Sol Fa Notation, by Ada F. Ryan, G. T. S. O., 2 pts., ea. pt.	10
Text Book on Cookery for the use of Schools, by Hellen Bell, Principal of Halifax Cookery School...	25
Byron's Childe Harold, (Canto 1), with Introduction and Notes	15
Macaulay's Essay on Pitt.....	25
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome & Armada, with Notes, by A. Cameron.....	15
Selections from Scott's Lady of the Lake, with Intro. and Notes, by A. Cameron.....	20
De Quincy's Joan of Arc	12
Goldsmith's Traveller	10
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.....	10
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield....	25